THE AERONAUT.

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Ducentos ante cibum versus. HOR.
Two hundred verses writ before dinner.

The weather being extremely warm, and intellect in consequence sinking, in proportion as the mercury rises, writers and readers are both driven to complaining. We present our readers in this number with Poetical communications, of which an account is given in our motto, which contains, we flatter ourselves, a more luminous piece of criticism than any to be found in the pages of the Analectic Magazine or American Monthly Magazine and Review.

I.

An old English Ballad, not to be found in Percy.

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Childe Carline was a wretched wight,
All wearye, woebegone,
And in the dark, sepulchral wood,
He wandered forth alone.

In many a tilt and turney he
Had borne the prize away,
But now he thought on love alone
Through all the livelong day.

He thought upon his Ladye fair
That high and haughty maid,
Who ledde him in a stowre of woe
And then did him upbraid.

'Ah, woe is me! Childe Carline said,
That I left the table round,
And starte in quest of gramarye tall
To fall in such a stounde!

Childe Carline.

Since first I saw thee, Christabelle,
I have no power to fly,
But here beneath thy father's wall
I linger on to die.

Ah' were that Oak a Paynim huge,
With waving arms so broad,
The Soldan grimme would leave me here,
To be by wild deer trod.

Ah' were that stunt and pricklye bush
A naughtye, evil dwarf,
He might wear my head in his saddle bow,
And take my knightlie scarf.

For O! a ladye's smile can give
Both strength & courage free,
But a ladye's frown hath mickle power
To make our valour flee!

O Christabelle! O Christabelle!
Thou hast spillèd my dearest blood,
The boldest knight of the rounde table
Runs thro' the forest, wode."

Thus to the pale moon chaunted he
His dolorous complaynte,
Even beneath his ladye's towre,
He sung his sad lament.

The towre was black and dark and high,
  But little knew the childe,
That his ladye fair above him sat,
  And heard his lay so wild.

Until he heard her gentle voice
  A gentle song begin,
And then his hearte was in his ear
  Each gentle sound to winne.

Then thus she sung, and as she sung,
  The bird of night was fain
To cease her mellancolie chaunt,
  While listening to the strayne.

"O thou, who to the dark foreste
  Dost make thy midnight moans,
With noughte from damps to shelter thee,
  Nor bed save mossy stones-

With never a change of rayment cleane,
  And no food but meat so raw,
Fret not thyselfe for love of me,
  But bide thy knightlie law.

I have heard of children brave & bold,
  Of Arthur's round table,
Of soldans head by them yslayne,
  Off maidens eke set free.

Childe Carline.

But I will be no fiere of thine
 Nor leman, God forbidde!
For I never heard of aught they got,
 For all the deeds they did.

When they have sette a ladye fair
 Loose from the gyaunts hold,
They get good words and thanks to boote,
 But words and thanks are cold.

When they cut off a Paynim's head,
 They winne a grislie pate,
A ringe from off his finger eke
 But that is all thee gette.

Now tell me of thy proud castels,
 Thy manours broad & fair,
Or hie thee hence thou courteous knighte
 I will not be thy fere.

Then sadder there the knighte his ee,
 And louder waxed his voice,
Ill castels winne, and manours wide
 To make my love rejoice.

But woldest thou fair Christabelle,
 A pledge on me bestow,
Or ever I to parlous scathe,
 And mortal venture go..

Then I with victory foregone,
All men shall overthrow.

Then up she rose, fair Christabelle
She called her yonge foot-page,
'Come hither here my parlous boy,
Tho' thou art of tender age.

Here is a knight within the wood
A token he would have
That if ervance come unto his hande
His life he may save.'

Then out bespake that pretty page
'Here from the topmost towre,
I'll send a token to the knighte
who would have thee his paramour.

Then toke he up a mightie can
Of red gold glittering sheen
And from the casement emptied it,
In thinking of his len.

And all upon Childe Carline's pate
The water it hath rin.
Quo' the page, in such a time o' droughte,
A showre is no great sinne.

Now high thee hence, thou beggarly knight,
High hence and get thee gone,
Bespake the lady Christabelle,
Yslamming the window down.

II

Fidèle en Absence

How many thousand sympathies
upon the fancy break,
How many thousand tender ties
Upon that chord awake!

So mechanism's mystic art
By simplest spring can cause
A thousand wheels at once to start
Obedient to its laws.

Faithful in Absence — O the thought
from childhood up to age,
Comes with the fondest visions fraught
That cheer our pilgrimage.

The schoolboy from his father's hearth
To stranger care consigned,
Oft o'er the intervening earth
Sends all his careless mind.

The Aeronaut.

Gay hope forestalls the appointed tide
  Of blithesome holiday,
When to the dear maternal side
  Love unrestrained would play.

The sacred bond of kindred souls
  Nor realms nor oceans part;
Far off as lie the farthest poles,
  Heart can commune with heart.

What without sacred friendship were
  The unsociable blest
What friendship if this narrow sphere
  Could part its boundless trust.

And love were but a lengthening chain
  For sickly slaves to wear,
A raging fever of the brain —
  Whose hope is in despair —

If faith on earth had not such power
  As faith on heaven bestows
That lives in every doubtful hour
  And in fruition glows!

An exile on a foreign strand
  O who could absence bear,
If all that sooths of memory bland
  Were fuel for despair!

Fidele in Absence.

The star that in the cloudy west
With struggling ray is borne,
Is marked by one whose faithful breast
Shall still his absence mourn.

That ocean with its deep voice too
It laves his native shore
Where friends and kindred all are true,
And constant as its roar.

Can death who cuts all other ties,
Cuts he the mystic bond?
No, when the parting spirit flies
It lives the grave beyond—

Lives, purg'd from all its earthly dross
From passion pure and free,
And chastened by its mortal loss
Lives for eternity.

The dead in confidence repose,
That evil with them lies,
With virtuous friends and generous foes
It shares their obsequies.

The great resigning up their breath,
Who have not lived in vain,
Leave a large legacy in death
To all their countrymen.

Souls of the brave in battle slain
When freeing life blood ran
Stand proud upon the bloody plain
The sacred rights of man.

The latest line that spring from you
Who died for liberty,
To your eternal abode true
Will be forever free.

QUIDNONIANA.

No IV

Ye charioteers of wealth's fantastic car,
To whom men crouch, and venal beauty bends,
For whom all smiled beneath your natal hou
Save wisdom, virtue, charity and friends—

If haply the thin tissue of your thought
Hath ever wandered to the hermit's cell,
If ye have turned with wonder from his grot,
His roots, his rosary and lonely rill—

Know that in swarming cities there have
dwelt,
For frequent years, mid many a crowded dom
Those who in youth's frank, buoyant mien have fel
More lonely than the hermit in his home.

Quidoniana No 4.

To poor to join the revelry of ~~wealth~~ pride,
To proud to stoop to adulation's whine,
To nice to float along the vulgar tide,
Whose human love was withheld in its shrine.

To weak to climb the mountain steeps of fame,
With too much knowledge to endure the vain,
Whose thoughts unbodied, like an unfann'd flame
In their own sullen ashes sunk again.

Plac'd in that midway of life, where jealous doubt
Mistrusted woman's avaricious eye,—
Or felt too keenly when her glance spoke out
The bitterest taunt to biting poverty.

Whose passions scorch'd and dried their sacred spring,
Till charity & friendship sullied and love,
Were sunk, while the dark mind with raven wing
Brooded their Stygian pool obscure above.

Know that for years uncounted, such have liv'd,
Like Mecca's coffin hung 'twixt earth & heav'n,
And yet, that God with equal hand, believed
To earth's wide family of woe hath given.

An epitaph made on General Montgomery's bones, by request of the Government and his friends.

Here lies General Montgomery
Whose burying was a piece of flummery.
They knew it was his corpse they unpack'd,
Because his jaw was cracked;
And they read the church service over him
In hopes it might recover him.